



# Alone



alone... all we're

👁 261 ✓ 47 ★ 30

## Chapter 1 by Astrid

She would sometimes sit in her room, with a open notebook sitting in her lap, writing. She was writing her life story. Her young, perfect face would stare down at the spiky writing on the weathered pages. She would sigh with remembrance, her mind on her violent past. Then she would walk around the empty, old house, and stare at the barren and ruined neighborhood. Nobody else was here. In fact, she was the only one left.

## Chapter 2 by Auntie Em



She turned back to her notebook. There was a lot still to write about.

Over a hundred years of death and violence, and she had lived through it all, although she looked not a day over fifteen.

The journal entry she was reading was from 1941, right smack dab in the middle of world war two. It was the day that she found out that, not only could she not age, but that she couldn't commit suicide.

Chapter 3 by @Sofia23



She would try to kill herself many times, but she was too weak. She has been in her room for years, maybe millions. She has been dead for centuries.

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Her father took part in World War I and died fighting for independence, and her mother, on the other hand, had past away a year later, leaving only her in her home. She watched as all the loved ones around her, friends, family, pets, and the list could go on, all passed away. She had a boyfriend once, a long time ago... His name? Well she couldn't even remember that, she had forgotten that unimportant "artifact" ages ago. All she could remember was when they were about 13 beside the pool, that's when he left, he was gone. She had failed attempts to contacting him, it went straight to voice mail.

Depression. She faced it every day, living all alone in her old, abandoned home. She never had the need to eat, drink, or use the bathroom. All day she would write in her journal, she had a room dedicated to them, she has over 9,000.

She would sit at home, either writing or reading, with her pretty face buried in a book. She eventually ran out of books to read, to scared to venture out of her own house.

Then she heard it. A knock at the door, she could be just not thinking straight, but it sounds real.

#### Chapter 4 by Auntie Em



She ignored the knock, writing it off as insanity, which wouldn't be uncommon for her. However, the knock came once again, this time louder.

She uncertainly walked towards what remained of her front door after all these years. She took the handle and yanked as hard as she could, and with some effort the door snapped open. She was surprised at what she saw.

"Emily Brown?", asked a teenage boy, probably fifteen, the same age she appeared to be. His face was tan, not because of ethnicity, but because of sun. Freckles dotted his nose, and curly blonde hair surrounded his face.

"Who are you and how did you know to find me here?", she asked, frantically looking around for other people lurking in the shadows.

"It's ok Emily, I'm alone, unarmed"

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These last words sent a cl

was born, 1910, no one but

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She knew. Since the year she

Emily turned to the boy. "You have no clue what I am.", she spat.

"Yes, actually I do, because I am like you. Special. Mind if I come in?"

### Chapter 5 by alice hardaker



With her looking nervously, she decided to let him in but only in to what was left of the hallway. Emily was suspicious, of course she was. How could she not be? He went to shake her hand but she refused. What if now, there were some technology that would stun her in his hand if she gave him her hand? Emily just continue to stand, arms folded.

"I just want to be friends. You really don't know who I am do you?"

Emily was more confused than ever. He was talking as if she were supposed to know. This man who stood before her, who she never seen before, was acting like a celebrity from the past with his talk. She made her chuckle a bit, this caught Emily off guard and she quickly realised what was happening so she stopped the laughing and carried on just staring.

"I found this" he said, handing her a piece of A4 paper that looked like it had been buried for years. It was stained and even had the bottom missing as if it had been torn. "Excuse me if I am wrong, if I am, I will leave and never bother you again. But I am sure this is about you? I found it many years ago in my granddad's attic. He had this as well." The man then passed her a photo he got out of pocket. This is something Emily recognised, it was of her with her boyfriend besides the pool when she was 13.

Next thing Emily knew she woke up on the settee than had since seen better days, with this guy stood over her with a glass of water. "I don't know if you want this, I don't think I would." He said, holding a dirty glass. Emily just bolted up straight and demanded answers. "Who are you? Where did you get that?"

### Chapter 6 by Magdalene



The boy stared at her, crouching to meet her eyes. Emily waited for an answer and when she

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"For years I've been exploring all I can, trying to find traces of anything else. Then I found this picture." He gestured down at the photo. "Then I used all my resources to find out who you were."

"It's just a photo. There must be millions around the world." She whispered.

"What do you think I've done all these years? I track people down. And," He squatted in front of her, "I've found roughly twenty depressed and immortal people."

Emily broke the gaze and figured with her hands. After eons, this was the best news she had heard . . . the only news. And it all sounded too good to be true.

"What is your name?" Emily asked, her voice barely above a murmur looked up to find the boy running his fingers across the walls.

He turned, his face strikingly stunning, perfect for someone who'd been alive since who-knows-when.

"Hey, my name is Aiden Parker," He says, walking up to me like we just met after a day at school, "I'm probably 24,000 years old but I don't know, I lost track. I used to live in a province in North America but, ever since everyone died out in the 5000s, I've moved around the place." He stuck his hands in his worn out jeans. "Will you come with me to where our twenty-two immortals are rebuilding what they can to create a new world?"

"Aiden . . ." Emily whispered. A few memories came back to her but they were fuzzy. Sadly, being immortal didn't come with super-sized long term memory pack.

Aiden Parker raised his eyebrows expectantly and Emily shrugged. "I will follow you."

## Chapter 7 by



The moment Emily stepped through the doorway, she froze. She felt as if she was in a different world, a world of the past. The last time she had stepped outside, it was a century ago. It was almost forbidden.

He took her hand, tugging her along so she couldn't just stop again. Despite the dark, desolate interior, outside could have been classed as a beautiful day, with ribbons of sunlight streaming through threadbare, brown pieces of cloth hanging out of windows, and dirty, broken beams of wood

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Emily paused.

"What's wrong? It's alright, don't be scared. Do you trust me?" Aiden soothed, in a soft voice.

Tentatively, Emily nodded, but still she didn't budge. Backing away, she spun on her heel and fled back to her 'house', Aiden following close behind.

"Emily! Emily? What is it?" He shouted, watching as she rushed inside and grabbed some sort of book. Wait - not one, but two. He didn't know, but it was her first and last journal. Although she knew she couldn't take them all, she still longed to. But she mentally wished her goodbyes to what were her only companions for the past century, vowing she would someday return.

Turning back to Aiden, she straightened her back and tilted her chin up, willing herself to be strong.

"Let's go." Emily muttered, and strode out the door.

She didn't look back.

## Chapter 8 by Magdalene



A new world, a new life.

It could be everything Emily didn't have for years. She was ready to begin again. To actually have a life instead of being by her self.

It was a big change. A change that would leave behind the grey walls and dirty streets.

Now is your time.

the end

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